

BY FLORIS S. PEPPERMINT.

The robin rests his northward wing,
And the vernal sun is bright and free,
Pipes all his sweetest notes for me,
The merry prophet of the spring.

I know he would come once more,
When the nights are short and the days
grow long.

To fill the orchard with his song,
The birds will return to their old door.

From all the fields the flowers have faded,
And through the grasses brown and bare,

Leaves green the year—leaves dead!

The day is bright to such racing,
The clevets leap down in mist;

And they as a madmen ride.

And like the birds, ferns and flags,
They cluster on through cupids shade;

And onward bound their silver braids

With dewy drops and golden blosoms.

The willows lose their silken plumes;

Like snow-white wands from Pales stand

The boughs white; and all the land

Is sweet with them and apple blossoms.

By day and night the blossoms hang,

And dandelions in the grass;

And the fruits fall in the sun;

And then the flowers wane and wane;

The world is full with song and shout;

And not a voice on earth can dumb.

TO MARCH.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

The year's departing hoary bands
Of winter storms the winter threat;
But still the sun is bright and free,
A look of kindly promise yet.

Then bring us the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the world is full with song and shout,
Seems a brighter world than ours.

A DISCONSOLATE FATHER IN SEARCH OF A GIDDY DAUGHTER.—ARREST OF THE GODDESS VENUS AT A MASQUERADE.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer gives this incident of the Carnival in the gayest of capitals:

One of the stations at which the mummery always half and perform, is the hotel of Baron James Rothschild, the banker, in the Latin Quarter, where the young men who had entered into the court-yard, which they filled. Some little bustle was observed at the entrance, however, caused by a respectable looking man, in plain clothes, who sought to force his way into the court also. He was resisted, but persevered, and in order to gain admittance, he struck the porter, who often threatens to "knock him down," assented to his admission. The man seemed eager to see the persons composing the group of Goddesses, and at the same time to conceal his own lineaments. He succeeded in obtaining a full view of the (truly) charming Queen of Love, and her royal beauties, and then left, on making for the Porte Cochere, through which he disappeared, and having gotten outside, made strong running to the Bureau of the Commissary of Police of the quarter, M. Laner (who so distinguished himself, though wounded, by arresting Rudie, one of the accomplices of Orsini, etc., in their attempt on the life of the Emperor with infernal machines, at the entrance of the Opera-house on the night of the 14th January, 1858.)

He found M. Laner in the office, and when he recovered his breath, asked his aid to recover a lost daughter.

"On what grounds?" asked the Commissioner.

"My name is R.—I am a widower, and a merchant, residing in ——. I had (sans fil) a daughter named Olympia, of rare beauty, and who is not yet 18 years old. While I was attending to my business she had unfortunately opportunities to make improper acquaintances, and though so young, to enter on a course of pleasure and immorality, which led her to the melancholy fate sought to make her break off with those less honorable connections and pursuits, but without avail. I sought the protection of the law, and was authorized to shut her up in a Convent until she came of age. In the Convent she appeared removed, so I took her home for the enjoyment of her society. On site she was like a poor monkey. She was happy—contented—sage—and fifteen months ago she disappeared from my house, and notwithstanding the strictest searches and inquiries, I could find no trace of her. I came to town last Saturday on my affairs, and propose to leave for home to-morrow. Passing through the Place Vendome a couple of hours since, the cavalier of the Barriere stopped at the Minister of Justice (they join each other) and in the goddess Venus I thought I recognized my daughter. The tears rushing to my eyes prevented my being able to decide for certainty that it was her. I looked again and became confirmed. It was my poor, dear Olympia. I called the police, and went to the Baron Rothschild's intending to seize her there, but did not think the opportunity a good one, and am come to you to require you in the name of the law and of humanity, morality, and virtue, to arrest and deliver to me my unfortunate child."

"I should desire no better," said M. Laner, "but this is all ex parte. I should have authority."

"It is!"—and the unhappy father produced a warrant granted by the Tribunal for the arrest and detention of the poor man's daughter.

"This is all right," said M. Laner on perusing the document. "What you require shall be done, but we must wait for a formal session."

"We shall follow the course throughout the day until it arrives at its final resting-place, the Abbaye (Slaughter House). Then, when the whole of the parties shall have entered within its walls and the Deities become mortals once more, we will arrest the truant."

The wretched girl was delivered over to her unhappy parent.

She shrieked in dismay, however. A few of the men of blood showed fight in her behalf, but the law had its triumph.

"Well, father," said the poor unfortunate, "I will go with you."

"Thank Heaven!" said the delighted father.

"Put upon one condition."

"Name it."

"That you allow me to play at the masked ball to-night in this beautiful costume, which fits me so admirably and is so becoming."

"If he have the weakness to consent, I shall be bound," said M. Laner. "You are my prince."

A scene ensued, but ultimately her immortality was carried off by her father in her grand and magnificent dress, if that may be called a dress which covered so trifling a portion of her person.

REGULAR DEDICATION TO A COUNTER'S NOVEL. The Countess Lionel de Chavillan, best known as Celeste Magdor, is about to publish at Paris a new novel, "Est-il Fourier?" a sequel to "L'Amour des Femmes," written in 1848. The most remarkable thing about it is the dedication, which reads as follows:

"I dedicate this book as a soul souvenir to my husband, to him who was my strength, my joy, my hope, my courage. There is on earth one great soul the less, but in Heaven one still more. Has not the Count Lionel de Chavillan faith and charity, the two virtues most pleasing to God?

"In resuming again the work, so long suspended, I obey a material need, as the Wandering Jew obeyed the imperious voice which incessantly cried to him, 'March on! March on!'

A CHILD THAT REQUIRES KINDNESS.—Among the illustrated jokes in the last number of Punch is the following:

Discerning Child (who has heard some remarks made by Papa). "Are you our new nurse?"

Child. "Well then, I'm one of those boys who can only be managed with kindness—so you had better get some sponge cakes and oranges at once!"

Prose Trunks About Woman—Practical Influence of Wives.

In domestic happiness, the wife's influence is much greater than her husband's; for the one, the first cause—mutual love and confidence—being granted, the whole comfort of the household depends upon trifles more immediately under her jurisdiction. By her management of small details, her husband's reputation and credit are created or destroyed. No fortune can stand the constant leakage of extravagance and mismanagement, and more is spent in trifles than women would easily believe. The one great expense, whatever it may be, is turned over and carefully reflected on are incurred; the income is proportionately increased, and the wife is daily sliding away which do the mischief, and this the wife alone can stop, for it does not come within a man's province.

There is often an unexpected trifle to be saved in every household. It is not in economy alone that the wife's attention is necessary, but in the trifles which are well-regulated. An unfinishing garment, a missing key, a buttonless shirt, a soiled tablecloth, a mustard-pot with its old contents sticking hard and brown about it, are several nothing but each can raise an angry word, or cause discomfort. Depend upon it a well dressed man is always a pinhead in a well dressed woman, and a woman is always a beauty, tired of music, are often too wearied for conversation, however intellectual; but they can always appreciate a well swept hearth and smiling comfort.

A woman may lose her husband devotedly—very sagaciously—she may have the gowns of a Sappho, the enchanted beauties of an Armida—but—melancholy tact—if with these shall fail to make him home comfortable, his heart will inevitably escape her. And women live so entirely in the affections, that without love, their existence is a void. Better submit, then, to household trifles, than do without self of mind at home. Women of a high order of mind will not run this risk; they know that their feminine, their domestic, are their first duties.

TO BEARLESS BEAUX.—Do not fall in love with a man who is like a bear in his tactics. Your affection will all be thrown away. Is it not plain that you must be Hirose in order to be Her Suitor?—Vanity Fair.

The late Mr. Boker, of New York, whose marriage married Miss Boker, importuned into this country the first bottle of "Sparkling Rock."

The Charleston, S. C., artesian well is a perfect success. It affords a soft and pleasant water, and is bottled and sent through the low lands in large quantities.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

SEE ALL letters advertised are subject to an extra charge of 25 cents for each letter, for which please be prepared with the necessary change.

PERSONS calling for these letters will please state date of letter.

EACH the office will be open at half-past seven o'clock A. M. and six o'clock P. M. Sundays, open from nine o'clock A. M. to half-past seven o'clock A. M.

Saturday, March 24.—No. 12.

LADIES' LIST.

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CROCKER MARY Booth O. M. Burroughs Mary

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